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FIVE PROMINENT EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GRAND TOURISTS:
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NORMAN H. WEISLER

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INTRODUCTION

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the idea of extensive foreign travel was nothing new to Englishmen of the eighteenth century. Journeys to the famous religious shrines on the Continent were not uncommon in the fourteenth century. Voyages of discovery in all parts of the world had already become common in the reign of Elizabeth. The seventeenth century saw the migration of countless thousands of colonists across the Atlantic.

In comparison with these hazardous ocean voyages the tour of the Continent was a mere pleasure trip, and from the time of the Renaissance, Englishmen of rank had long been accustomed to make it. The Elizabethan conception of travel on the Continent was as a means of education. Following in this tradition young gentlemen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries invariably completed their education by making a foreign tour. The traveler was expected to see all that could be seen. As a scholar he would attend a foreign university and study ruins and antiquities as evidences of history. As a political enquirer he would observe the structure and functioning of foreign states. As an observer of men and manners he would frequent the society of courts and upper classes. These activities, it was hoped, would prepare the young man for his place in life, whether as a courtier, a scholar, or simply as a cultured gentleman.

In intention at least, the objectives of travel set up by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were retained by the Augustans. When made in the approved fashion, the grand
tour meant spending a considerable time in France and Italy, with the return trip being made perhaps through Germany and the Low Countries. Study at a foreign university was replaced by the guidance of a competent tutor, whose plan was to give the student familiarity with continental languages and manners along with some smattering of history, systems of government, and the fine arts. Many, however, did not achieve even these less lofty ideals; their travels merely afforded an opportunity for an extended "continental lark." Travel as a means of education when conducted along such lines naturally invited much criticism.

Although discredited as the final stage of a university training, the grand tour as such became a well established social custom, and Englishmen of all classes, provided they had adequate means, made it. Quite naturally those who enjoyed the distinction of having made the tour of the Continent, particularly those who were prominent in social and literary circles, recounted their experiences in print. Such accounts achieved a widespread popularity among those who had already made the grand tour and the more prosaic Englishmen who stayed at home. Since political events and the dictates of fashion predisposed the traveler's opinion along well defined lines, the accounts of most tourists became little more than elaborated versions of contemporary guide books. There were, however, travelers who departed from the established routes of travel and recorded their experiences in a manner which show them as distinct types rather than as merely a part of a social tradition.
This study proposes to examine and contrast five such travelers. Their accounts are similar in that they are either entirely, or, as in Joseph Addison's case, in part, in the form of familiar letters. In their objectives for traveling, routes of travel, opinions, and interests they show a surprising diversity. It is hoped this examination will reveal these prominent literary figures in their little discussed roles as travelers and give the reader a glimpse into that most remarkable of eighteenth century social phenomena, the grand tour.
Joseph Addison
(1672-1719)

England's Glorious Revolution of 1688 gave the fatal blow to the theory that kings could rule by Divine Right. No longer would an English sovereign wield undisputed and absolute authority. The public which could establish the throne of William III could just as easily overturn it. Those at the head of affairs of state were, therefore, continually concerned with maintaining harmony between the monarch and his subjects. William chose ministers who had influence with parliament; the ministers sought to conciliate public opinion by enlisting those who were in a position to sway men's minds.

With the new trend in government, authors found themselves in an enviable position. True, William, who had but a moderate knowledge of English, was no connoisseur of literature, but among the ministers whom he selected to aid in the task of ruling were those who were not only cognizant of the value of a timely poem or pamphlet, but were also patrons of the arts. Such ministers of state were Charles Montagu, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Both of these men were eager to encourage writers, largely for the sake of literature, but also partly, no doubt, because able pens could on occasion be of help to the party. It was quite natural that their eyes should have fallen upon the promising young Fellow of Magdalen College. A brief glance at Addison's university and literary career thus far will explain their attention.

Proficiency in the art of composition of Latin verses
may be said to have laid the foundation for Addison's later fortunes. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the classical side of the Italian Renaissance was a potent influence in educational circles. Latin verse composition was a firmly rooted facet of the training given in public schools and universities. At Queen's College, Oxford, a copy of Addison's Latin verse fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Fellow and later Provost of the college, who was amazed at their excellence. Lancaster used his influence to obtain for the brilliant student a scholarship at Magdalen where, after taking his Master's degree, he was elected a Fellow.

Addison's university reputation as a scholar soon extended to the literary circles in London. In 1693 he wrote his Account of the Greatest English Poets and, about the same time, addressed some short verses to Dryden. He complimented the old poet on his continuing poetical vigor as shown in his translations of Latin poets which were then appearing in Tonson's Miscellany. Dryden reciprocated by printing as a preface to his translation of the Georgics a critical essay by Addison, as well as arguments to most of the books of his translation of the Aeneid.

Such collaboration, modest as it was, with the literary dictator of Will's Coffee House must certainly have enhanced the younger writer's fame. It was perhaps through this connection that he made the acquaintance of Somers and Montagu out of which came the Address to King William (1695).

A muse that in adventurous numbers sings,
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanced, and Europe's peace restored,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
left little room for speculation in regard to his political leanings. If political advancement was Addison's objective, the verses on the Peace of Ryswick with a flattering dedication to Montagu assured the outcome.

Thus, the likely prospect was approached with a view to engaging him in a diplomatic career. Addison, wavering between the Church and politics as possible careers, was not averse to the suggestion. Finding their protégé hardly qualified as yet to conduct state affairs, he being deficient in French, the language of diplomacy, Somers and Montagu joined in soliciting aid from a pleased monarch to groom their find for future political office. In 1699 a pension was granted by King William which enabled Addison to supplement his literary accomplishments with the practical experience of continental travel.

In the same year, 1699, Addison published a second volume of the Musae Anglicanae containing Latin poems by various Oxford scholars. Addison's poems in this volume were eight in number. Thomas Tickell, his first biographer, attests the popularity of these compositions:

He first distinguished himself by his Latin compositions published in the Musae Anglicanae and was admired as one of the best authors since the Augustan age, in the two universities and the greatest part of Europe....

It is characteristic of his personal tastes and typical of his age that Addison should have considered these Latin poems an intellectual passport to continental literary circles.

Armed with copies of the Musae Anglicanae for presentation to scholars and letters of recommendation from Lord
Halifax, Addison started for the Continent. Crossing from Dover to Calais some time in the summer of 1699 he proceeded directly to Paris where he was received by the Earl of Manchester, a cousin of Charles Montagu, who had just been appointed ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. Although his reception must have been a cordial one, he stayed there only long enough to see but few of the famous sights. It is quite characteristic that his first letter to his patron should have concerned itself with literary affairs. He was astonished to find the whole of French literature permeated with the royal, pietistic taste. In a letter to Charles Montagu, dated August 1699 he describes the state of French learning:

There is no Book out at present that has not something in it of an Air of Devotion. Dacier has bin forc'd to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his Translation and has so far comply'd with the Tast of the Age that his whole book is over-run with Texts of Scripture....Nay the Humour is grown so universal that it is got among the Poets who are ev'ry day publishing Lives of Saints and Legends in Rhime.

His only record of his first impression of Paris is a casual criticism of "the King's Statue that is lately set up in the Place Vendome": "It is a noble figure but looks very naked without a Square about it: for they have set up the Furniture before the House is half Built." He did, however, visit both Versailles and Fontainebleau. In a letter to Congreve he expresses opinions which are interesting as showing a preference for natural over artificial beauty which he later expressed in the Spectator.

I don't believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer Lanskips than those about the King's houses, or with all your descriptions build a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so
singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The King has Humoured the Genius of the place, and only made of so much art as is necessary to Help and regulate Nature, without reforming her too much. The Cascades seem to break through the Clefts and cracks of Rocks that are covered over with Moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by Accident....For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of Stone than in so many Statues, and would as soon see a River winding through Woods and Meadows as when it is tossed up in such a variety of Figures at Versailles.

The same letter exhibits traces of that humor and mild censure that were afterwards to make his writings so popular. Addison found the gallery the most pleasing part of the palace at Versailles and sent Congreve the following inimitable description of Le Brun's paintings:

The history of the present King, till the year 16, is painted on the Roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has actions enough by him to Furnish another Gallery much Longer than the first....The Painter has represented his most Xtian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter throwing thunder bolts all about the ceiling and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine that lie astonished and blasted with Lightening a little above the Cornice.

The deficiency in his knowledge of French led Addison after a cursory view of Paris to proceed to Blois, a city celebrated for purity of accent, where he might devote himself without interruption to the study of the French language. For some young men, more especially sons of the clergy who have led secluded lives, a European tour would be an adventure full of moral pitfalls. Not so with Addison; he was perfectly safe. "The only return I can make your Lordship," he wrote to Somers from Paris, "will be to apply myself entirely to my Business, and to take such care of my Conversation that your favors may not seem misplaced." As the sketch provided by
Spence in his *Anecdotes* indicates, Addison did not waver in his high resolve:

Mr. Addison staid above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie a bed between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful: sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and staid five minutes there, before he has known anything of it. He had his masters, generally, at supper with him; kept very little company besides; and had no amour whilst here, that I know of; and I think I should have known it, if he had had any.9

The length of Addison's stay at Blois seems to have been occasioned by the difficulty he experienced, owing to a faulty memory, in mastering French. At last, being able to converse with ease, he returned to Paris some time in the autumn of 1700 in order to see something of the social life there before starting on his travels in Italy. Naturally, he found the best company among the men of letters. In a letter to Bishop Hough he makes special mention of Malebranche and Boileau. The latter, according to Addison, was so splenetic in his criticism of his contemporaries that he could not tell "whether there was more of Old Age or Truth in his censures on the French writer." The old critic was, however, appeased by a present from his young visitor, a copy of the *Musae Anglicanae* by which, according to Tickell, Boileau "first conceived a true opinion of the English genius for poetry" and formed "a new idea of English politeness."

But it was not only to learn French that Addison had been sent abroad; it was also to enlarge his viewpoint by observation of foreign things and continental manners. It is clear from his letters that in this secondary duty he was as
assiduous as in the first. While it appeared that he was absorbed in study he was really observing with a keen but not ill-natured glance the character of the French people. Montagu was no doubt surprised by Addison's comments on those people who were looked upon as the violators of the peace of Europe:

And truly by what I have yet seen they are the Happiest Nation in the World. Tis not in the power of Want or Slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the Country but Mirth and Poverty. Ev'ry one sings, laughs and starves. Their Conversation is generally Agreeable; for if they have any Wit or Sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a Second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first Sight that a long Intimacy or Abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman.10

For Addison the French obviously exhibited some astonishing contradictions in their make-up and above all lacked that most esteemed of British qualities, discretion. And as for their women, their beauty was but a painted hell, and they lacked every good feminine trait except the meretricious but questionable quality of artifice:

They are perfect mistresses in the Art of showing themselves to the best Advantage. They are always gay and sprightly and set off the very worst faces in Europe with the Best Airs. Ev'ry one knows how to give herself as charming a Look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in.11

While in Paris on his second visit a political event took place which no doubt made the French capital an uncomfortable spot for an Englishman, and moreover a Whig, to be in. In November 1700 Charles II, the last of the Spanish Hapsburgs, died and bequeathed his domains to Philip of Anjou, the son of the French Dauphin. Louis XIV in direct violation of the Peace of Ryswick accepted the bequest on behalf of his
grandson, thus upsetting the balance of power on the Continent and endangering British sea power and trade. The people of Paris, unaware of the price to be paid for their monarch's perfidy, apparently hailed the event with pride and delight:

I am, at present very well content, wrote Addison, to quit the French conversation, which since the promotion of their young prince begins to grow Insupportable. That which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever. There is scarce a man in it that does not give himself greater airs upon it, and look as well pleased as if he had rec'd some considerable advancement in his own fortunes.12

Disgusted, no doubt, with the arrogance of the French and foreseeing, perhaps, that peace between England and France could not long endure, Addison set out for Italy.

During the Italian journey he made notes for his Remarks on Italy which he published upon his return to England. The work reflects Addison's classical training and his political affiliations. As a scholar he thought of Italy as "classic ground" rather than a center of Renaissance art. As a Whig he dwelt on the contrast between English liberty and continental tyranny. A survey of the Remarks will show Addison's route of travel, illustrate the nature of the work, and, in a measure, the character of its author.

It was in December 1700 that he embarked at Marseilles for Genoa from where he proceeded through Milan, Venice, Ravenna, and Loretto to Rome. Since he intended to return for a longer stay he stopped in the latter only long enough to see the Pantheon and St. Peter's. Having seen "these masterpieces of ancient and modern art" he passed on to Naples. The return journey to Rome was made by sea. After having
remained in Rome two months he then turned homeward traveling by land through Florence, Bologna, and Turin to Switzerland.

The Preface of the journal indicates the enthusiasm with which he anticipated travel in Italy and the nature his intended work would assume:

Before I entered on my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess, it was not the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes that the poets have given us of it.  

Thus, fully prepared with a handy stock of classical quotations, Addison was ready to make, not his grand tour of Italy but, as Horace Walpole so aptly remarked, "the grand tour of the Latin poets."  

His use of classical references was abundant and apposite. Thus, to cite but a few examples, when the boat in which he made the passage from Marseilles to Genoa was driven by a storm into the harbor of Monaco, he was reminded of Lucan's description of its safety and shelter; an acrobatic trick displayed at Venice during Holy Week, which Addison was certain was not a new one, recalled a passage from Claudian descriptive of the same feat; and the wooden shrine at Loretto is reminiscent of Virgil's description of the thatched cottage of Romulus which the ancient Romans equally venerated.

Seemingly intent on sights that would afford opportunity for citing a Latin passage as a means of illustration, Addison's vision soared above the actualities about him. His
enthusiastic appreciation of the classics, which caused him to look for simplicity of effect and regularity of design in estimating works of art, shows itself in his remarks on modern Italian architecture. At Genoa he admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces. Frescos, he admitted were "certainly very ornamental, as they were drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them." But, he could not be reconciled to the Genoese palaces covered with "painted Pillars of different orders." The objection obviously was not only that the columns were counterfeit, but also that they were not of a uniform order.

From Genoa he hastened on by chaise to Milan where he contemplated the magnificent cathedral with more wonder than admiration. He was more favorably impressed by the wonders of the Certosa near Pavia. "I saw," he remarked, "between Pavia and Milan the convent of the Carthusians which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is very fine and curiously adorned." Forced to admit the magnificence of the building he seemed constrained to add, rather lamely, "but of a Gothic structure." The Duomo at Sienna, however, which he saw later on the journey north from Rome, was quite obviously overwhelming, and Addison had difficulty in maintaining equilibrium between his sensibility and his exclusively classical principles:

There is nothing in this City so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a Man may view with Pleasure after he has seen St. Peters, tho' 'tis quite of another Make, and can only be look'd upon as one of the Master-pieces
of Gothic Architecture....One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single Cathedral. The very Spouts are loaden with Ornaments, the Windows are form'd like so many Scenes of Perspective, with a Multitude of little Pillars retiring one behind another, the great Columns are finely engraven with Fruits and Foliage that run twisting about them from the very Top to the Bottom, the whole Body of the Church is chequer'd with different Lays of White and Black Marble, the Pavement curiously cut out in Designs and Scripture-Stories....Nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties and affected ornaments to a noble and simple majesty.15

From Milan to Venice the countryside with its lakes, rivers, and vineyards are the main objects of remark and descriptive passages from Virgil and Claudian are thickly interspersed. Addison did not forget, however, that his experience was intended to qualify him for diplomatic service. At Venice he thoroughly investigated the form of government, the military strength of the Republic, and the state of industry and commerce. It being the carnival season he indulged himself in the pleasure of attending the opera and theatre, both of which he severely criticizes. "Operas are another great Entertainment of this Season. The Poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good." It is interesting to note that he saw an opera based on the rivalship of Caesar and Scipio for the hand of Cato's daughter. Despite the production's absurdities it no doubt struck the fancy of the traveler and furnished the idea for the play that inspired the applause of Whig and Tory alike.16

On his way from Venice to Rome by way of Rimini and Loretto, Addison traveled twelve miles "out of the common Tour of Travellers" to visit the tiny republic of St. Marino which, he added, few travelers had ever seen and none had ever
described. On a quiet note of mock-heroic humor he recounted the simple customs and institutions of this singular community concluding with a bit of Whig exultation:

The People are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the Execution of Justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their Rocks and Snows, than other of the Italians do in the pleasantest Valleys of the World. Nothing indeed can be a greater Instance of the natural Love that Mankind has for Liberty, and of their Aversion to an Arbitrary Government, than such a Savage Mountain cover'd with People, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same Country almost destitute of Inhabitants.17

The riches of the Holy House and Treasury at Loretto were "surprisingly great and as much surpassed (his) expectation as other Sights had generally fallen short of it." As a good Protestant he regarded it as certain that the Pope would use such accumulated wealth in the advent of an unfortunate war with the Turks, or "a powerful league among Protestants."

At Terni, Addison again went out of his way to see the famous cascade formed by the fall of the Velino River; then continued his way over the Apennines to Rome. The effects of his classical training are very visible in the manner in which he described the natural scenery in this region. He looked on the landscape with a sight unimpaired by the sense of the infinity of Nature. There is neither any projection of the spectator into the scene which he described nor any attempt to rival the painter by presenting a word picture. Instead there is a selection of particular features which he feels will best evoke the proper images in the mind of the reader. The falls he described well and clearly, concluding with a remark which again shows, as at Fontainebleau, a preference for natural beauty: "I think there is something more
astonishing in this cascade, than in all the water works of Versailles." The following excellent description of his passage over the Apennines will best illustrate what is here proposed of his attitude toward and method of depicting Nature. The passage is further interesting as it seems to give little support to the tradition of Addison's antipathy toward mountains.

The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines was very agreeably relieved by the Variety of Scenes we passed through. For, not to mention the rude Prospect of Rocks rising one above another, of the deep Gutters worn in the Sides of them by Torrents of Rain and Snow-Water, or the long Channels of Sand winding about their Bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many Rivers; we saw, in Six Days Traveling, the several Seasons of the Year in their Beauty and Perfection. We were sometimes Shivering on the Top of a bleak Mountain, and a little while after Basking in a warm Valley, covered with Violets and Almond-trees in Blossom, the Bees already swarming over 'em.... Sometimes our Road led us thro' Groves of Olives, or by Gardens of Oranges, or into several hollow Apartments among the Rocks and Mountains that look like so many natural Green-Houses; as being always shaded with a great Variety of Trees and Shrubs that never lose their Verdure. It is true the verdant valleys seem more favored than "rude prospects" and that the Apennines are not the Alps, but apart from a very normal reaction to climatic conditions there is little of the "horrendous" in the above description.

On reaching Rome Addison contented himself with a view of the Pantheon and St. Peter's, reserving other sights for his proposed re-visit. Unusually so, the preference here is for the modern over the antique. "The eye," he remarks, "is better filled at first entering the Rotund and takes in the whole Beauty and Magnificence of the Temple at one view, but such cathedrals as are built in the Form of a Cross, give us
a greater Variety of Noble Prospects."

Addison's first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions to be seen there during Holy Week. He departs from his usual quiet, well-bred denunciation of things foreign and baldly states that the liquification of the blood of St. Januarius at the approach of the saint's head is "one of the most Bungling Tricks that I ever saw." The supposed miracle leads up to a comparison of the state of superstition to be found in Italy with that of France. The conclusion drawn, of course, favors Protestant enlightenment:

Nations are recovered out of their Ignorance in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the Reformed Churches. For this Reason the French are more enlighten'd than the Spaniards and Italians, on occasion of their frequent Controversies with the Huguenots....

His remarks on the natural curiosities to be found about Naples are a striking indication of an unusual interest in natural philosophy seldom to be met with in travel journals of the period. For example, at the Grotto del Cane we find him performing a variety of experiments and borrowing a "weatherglass" to determine the nature of the noxious vapors. Of Vesuvius he says that "there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain." He climbed atop the volcano and has given a description which is notable in that it might well have been written by a geologist rather than a man of letters.

From Naples Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. He remarks: "As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my
guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage from Naples to Rome described by Virgil." The voyage ended in the Tiber, still turgid with sand and overhung with green trees as "when Aeneas took first view of it." From the ruined port of Ostia he hurried on to the Holy City where he remained two months. The account of his stay there is the most detailed portion of the journal and that in which the scholar and antiquary are most conspicuous. Of the "Christian and heathen antiquities" to be seen, the latter, as to be expected, were more admired by Addison as they "give a great deal of Pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient Authors." The former, "tho' of a fresher date," were so "embroil'd with Fable and Legend" that the beholder received but little satisfaction "from searching into them." No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased Addison so much as the ancient statues of which there were "still an incredible variety." From his comment one sees he viewed statuary as an antiquary rather than as a connoisseur:

A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us.

At the end of October Addison started homeward passing through Sienna where, as has been pointed out, he forgot his prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the cathedral there. At Florence he gave some time to the sculptures in the Duke's museum which he felt were superior to those to be seen in Rome. He also visited the library of St. Laurence and characteristically is most impressed by a
copy of Virgil supposedly older than the one at the Vatican.

The lateness of the season and the threatening political situation caused the traveler to pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy "with more haste than he would have done at another time." England had not as yet declared war on France, but the English ambassador, the Earl of Manchester, had been recalled from Paris, and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance were in progress. Under such circumstances it was expedient for Addison to reach neutral ground. Although it was December, he resolved to cross the Alps.

The passage, fortunately, was an easy one, the snows not yet having fallen. The large lake atop Mount Cenis was a subject for admiration and would have been more so "were there not several Mountains in the Neighbourhood rising above it." Addison goes on to add that in Italy there was nothing "more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many Breaks and Hollows of the Alps and Apennines." Continuing his account, he explains how such lakes are formed by the great "Irregularity and Confusion" with which "these vast heaps of Mountains are thrown together." The tone of "irregularity and confusion" may bespeak an aversion on classical grounds, but there is no indication that the Alps inspired the horrible sensations so common to eighteenth century travelers. The real objection seems to have been the lack of the verdant scenery so recently enjoyed by the traveler in Italy.

A letter sent from Geneva to Edward Montagu adds further details to the rather sparse account given in the
Remarks. Here Addison reports a safe crossing after "some days together shivering among the eternal snows," and "a head still giddy with mountains and precipices." For an age which considered mountains as blemishes on the face of Nature, one must admit Addison's expressed dislike is but a mild one, a dislike again occasioned by climatic conditions and a sharp contrast to the sunny, "classic" plains of Italy rather than by a real aversion to mountain scenery.

With obvious pride Addison continues his letter to Montagu stating his belief that he was "the first that ever thought of Parnassus on Mount Cenis." The "dreadful Alps" had, whether negatively or positively, inspired Addison to compose his Epistle from Italy to Lord Halifax, considered by the eighteenth century as "the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions,"22 and adjudged by the following century as "quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the Essay on Criticism."23

A poem which contributed so greatly to the writer's reputation warrants some brief comment here. Having left behind him all the associations inspiring to the scholar and antiquary, Addison recalls with genuine feeling the pleasure he experienced while traveling in Italy:

Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How I am pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
From the praises of Italy as an antiquary's delight the theme changes to the tangible blessings of Nature wasted under the tyranny of church and state:

But what avails her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtles' fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies of thirst.

The apostrophe to liberty which follows provides a facile transition to sincere praises of England and her role as protector of continental freedom. The beauty of the poem is marred, however, by the passage celebrating the Whig foreign policy and the fulsome lines on the poetical abilities of Lord Halifax.

But, whatever be the merits or defects of the Epistle, it may be taken as an indication that Addison's regard for his patron was a sincere one. The poem was addressed to the minister when he had no favors to bestow. In 1701 the Tories came into power and both Halifax and Somers were impeached. Although the case was dismissed in the House of Lords, it seemed very unlikely that patronage from these men could now be of little value. The turn of political events proved otherwise. The French king at last gave England cause to declare open war by acknowledging the son of James II as the rightful claimant to the British throne. Addison, through the good offices of the Earl of Manchester, now secretary of state,
was, as Tickell informs us, "pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from his majesty." Addison was awaiting official confirmation of the appointment at Geneva when news of the unexpected death of William arrived. In the ensuing political turn-over that took place at Queen Anne's accession not only were his hopes for diplomatic preferment blasted but the pension granted by the preceding monarch was rescinded.

Addison, however, continued his tour at his own expense, leisurely traveling through the Swiss cantons, Germany, and Austria; perhaps, as Miss Aiken suggests, taking a pupil. Before leaving Geneva a five day tour around the lake there was made during which the several towns on its shores were visited. Addison observed that in those towns to the south in Savoy "there (was) nothing but misery and poverty." A visit to the Carthusian convent at Repaille evoked another comment on mountain scenery. The forest there was cut into walks, at one side of which

....you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many Steps and Precipices, that they fill the Mind with an agreeable kind of Horror, and form one of most irregular mis-shapen Scenes in the world.25

At Bern, the arsenal is dutifully visited in spite of the set-back in his political career for, as he remarked, "It is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lye in his Way; for besides the Idea it gives of the Forces of a State, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable Parts of its History."

Some comments on the remarkable stability and harmony
among the Swiss cantons, notwithstanding their number and
diversity in religion, evince the same preference for republi-
can over monarchial government as frequently appeared in his
account of the Italian states. He highly praised the endeav-
ors of the cantons to prohibit all evidence of luxury in
dress. As an illustration of the frugality of the Swiss he
observed that "their holiday-clothes go from father to son,
and are seldom worn out till the second or third generation;
so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet
and breeches of his great grandfather."

On reaching the Imperial town of Lindau, on the edge of
Lake Constance, Addison found the citizens in a state of mili-
tary preparedness, expecting an attack by Bavarian troops.
Warned by English merchants not to venture into Bavarian
territory, the travelers "had the mortification to lose the
sight of Munich, Augsburgh, and Ratisbon," and were forced to
take their way to Vienna through the Tyrol where they "had
very little to entertain them beside the natural face of the
country." The journey was made to Hall, by way of Innsbruck,
at which point a river boat was taken and the remaining dis-
tance to Vienna was covered by way of the Inn and Danube
Rivers. A remark on the beauty added to the scenery along
the rivers by the colors of the changing foliage tells us
that it was the autumn of 1702 when Addison arrived in Vienna.

Here the record afforded by the Remarks ceases, but a
sketchy outline of Addison's subsequent travels and activities
may be gleaned from the remarks made in his personal corre-
spondence. A letter to George Stepney dated November 1702
shows that while at Vienna Addison had written his *Dialogue on Medals*. He sent the manuscript copy to Stepney for the latter's critical judgment. The work was not published until after Addison's death. Another letter of January 1703 to Stepney, sent from Dresden, affords a delightful bit of humor and gives the writer's opinion of German accommodations:

Since our leaving Prague we have seen nothing but a great varietie of Winter pieces, so that all ye account I can give you of the country is that it abounds very much in snow. If it has any other beauties in it this is not a time of year to look for 'em when almost everything we see is of ye same colour and scarce anything we meet with except our sheets and napkins that is not white. I find very little difference in ye Straw-beds of Saxony and Bohemia. About three nights ago we had ye honour of a Cow for chamberfellow that bore with our company for the convenience of a stove.

By March 1703 Addison had reached Hamburg which he reported had Rhenish wines "in such prodigious Quantities that there is no sensible diminution of it tho' Mr. Perrot and myself have bin among 'em above a Week." From Germany the traveler went to Holland, visiting Leyden, the Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. At Rotterdam the usually tactful Addison made an error which brought his foreign travels to a close.

The Duke of Somerset, wanting a tutor to accompany his son on foreign travel, had Addison recommended to him by Tonson, the London bookseller. The duke offered all expenses and a hundred guineas at the end of the first year. Addison clearly intended to accept the offer but the phrasing of his letter proved to be somewhat injudicious. "As for the recompense that is proposed to me," wrote Addison to the duke, "I must take ye Liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it but in the hopes that I have to recommend
myself to you Grace's favour and approbation." From the correspondence it appears the duke took offense at Addison's letter and the proposal was cancelled. The duke in all probability considered Addison's letter either a reflection on his generosity or a too obvious request for patronage. In a subsequent letter of July 1703, Addison wrote he regretted having written "such Expressions as were proper to represent the Sense I have of the honour your Grace design'd me." The duke, however, apparently refused to consider the matter further. Addison did not stay abroad long after this disappointment, for hearing at the end of the summer of his father's death he returned to England.
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu
(1689-1762)

Early in 1716, Edward Wortley Montagu was appointed English ambassador to Turkey. Diplomatically speaking, his embassy was not a brilliant one, but it has been made ever memorable in literary annals solely on his wife's account. The beautiful and talented Lady Mary Wortley Montagu accompanied her husband on his mission, and in the following two years she wrote the travel journal from which her famous Turkish letters were drawn; letters which gained her celebrity among her contemporaries and, in the eyes of posterity, established her as the foremost feminine letter writer of the English eighteenth century.

Lady Mary's reputation as a wit at an otherwise dull court, and her close connection with the prominent writers of her day would have assured a widespread popularity for any travel reports she might have sent back to England. The very nature of her travels, no doubt, enhanced the value of her letters in the court-literary circle in which she moved.

Constantinople was then a long way off. Young gentlemen might travel on the Continent to complete their education, as Edward Montagu himself had done, but to travel further was to travel in quite a different sense. Comparatively few women ventured even on the grand tour; to undertake traveling to so remote a country as Turkey was even more rare. Lady Montagu set no precedent in thus traveling to the Levant,¹ she was, however, the first woman to record her experiences in this region.
Mr. Montagu as ambassador to Turkey had a particular and difficult diplomatic task to carry out. Some slight mention of the political situation should be here made to clarify subsequent events. Austria was at war with Turkey and, although England had no direct interest in the conflict, it was desirable that the war should be terminated as soon as possible. To maintain a balance of power on the Continent, England's object at the time was the Quadruple Alliance which was to bring France, Austria, and Holland into line. This made it undesirable that Austria's resources and attentions should be wasted on the Turks. The ambassador's task, therefore, was to induce Turkey to come to terms. It was, however, no part of his assignment to procure a good settlement for Turkey although he was ambassador there. It should also be noted that in August 1716 the celebrated Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had so capably led the Austrian troops in the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-1713), had completely routed the Turks at Peterwardein and was well on the road to taking Belgrade when the summer campaign season closed. On the point of complete victory it was not likely the Imperial court would have been amenable to peace overtures.2

The new ambassador had to pay an official visit at Vienna, so the party, which included the Montagus' young son, then aged three, traveled overland from Holland through Cologne, Frankfort, and Nuremberg to Ratisbon. From there the journey to the Austrian capital was completed by way of the Danube "in one of those little vessels that they very
properly call wooden houses."

From the very outset Lady Mary proved to be a most unusual traveler. The official yacht that took the party to Holland met with a severe storm. We are not at all surprised to learn the indomitable Lady Mary withstood the rigors of the channel crossing, even though "none of the sailors could keep their feet," and there was "never a more frightened man than the captain."

Once ashore Lady Mary looked about her with eager interest and began immediately to record her impressions. The cleanliness of Dutch cities and the industry of the citizenry charmed her, much to the disparagement of her native London and its inhabitants:

My arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before the meanest artificers' doors seats of various-coloured marbles, and so neatly kept, that, I will assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, incognita, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers....Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the importunities of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy....

Passing on to the Hague, her first favorable impressions are confirmed, and she was "sure nothing could be more agreeable than travelling in Holland" where "the whole country appears a large garden."

In her passage through Germany Lady Mary looked into churches. As a true Englishwoman and a representative of the age of reason and moderation she adhered firmly, but not with bombastic zeal, to the Church of England. Calvinists and
Roman Catholics alike she held in equal disdain. At a French Calvinist church in Nimègue she found the parson with his "extraordinary antic gestures" very much like a puppet, even though "he was a person of particular fame" and the congregation received the sermon "with a great deal of devotion." She hoped the recipient of her letter "would excuse a digression in favor of the Church of England."

In Cologne, having visited a Catholic church, shown about, one notes, by "a handsome young Jesuit," Lady Mary is inspired to record her "pious reflections":

Having never before seen anything of this nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, and the rich images of the saints...; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth, dirty rags, etc. I own I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearls; though perhaps it was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbor....

These were Lady Mary's "pious reflections." Moral improvement was not, however, entirely lacking. She was very well satisfied to see the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins piled up to the honor of her sex. Apparently, Lady Mary was indefatigable in visiting churches for she reports having seen hundreds of relics in Cologne. In one cryptic remark she at once shows her virtue as a travel reporter, and points out one tedious aspect of eighteenth century travel journals:

I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them (the hundreds of relics she had seen) being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.

Lady Mary carries her religious animus over into the political and economic sphere. Having passed through a
large part of Germany and "having seen all that was remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, and Wurtzburg," she made an observation which was probably made by every English traveler with much satisfaction. Recalling the pleasantries of her recent travel in Holland, she contrasts the cleanliness and prosperity of the free Protestant states with the conditions in states under the government of absolute Catholic princes:

I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a handsome clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and riboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes and a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.°

From Nuremberg the Wortleys passed on to Ratisbon where they took a boat and proceeded down the Danube to Vienna. This mode of travel proved to be expedient, comfortable, and interesting. Lady Mary found the river boats equipped with "all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in chambers, kitchens, etc." Flowing down the river "with incredible swiftness," the travelers were afforded in the course of a day "a vast variety of prospects." Unlike most travelers of the times Lady Mary evinced a real appreciation for the passing landscape:

Within a few hours' space of time one has the different diversion of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles.9

In all her letters Lady Mary shows remarkable powers of observation. She saw everything and described all she saw, but like a good traveler she paid attention to the people as
well as to a country's external appearances. At Vienna the new ambassador had an audience with the emperor, Charles VI, immediately, but Lady Mary could not appear at court until she was dressed in the proper fashion. At last she was "squezzed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and other implements thereunto belonging." The court gown was inconvenient but, she added with some complacency, "certainly showed the neck and shoulders to some advantage." The ladies of Vienna, she noted, wore head-dresses "about a yard high consisting of three or four stories...it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub." On the same excessive scale were their whalebone petticoats "which outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground."

There were other social characteristics on which she could exercise her peculiar talent for satirical observation. It was a comfort for her to know Vienna "was a paradise for old women," where one could not "make a noise in the world till forty." For the time being she was contented "to be insignificant" but would return when she "was fit to appear nowhere else." Here, she observed, "'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties." Lady Mary herself had a declaration. Upon her declining the offer, the applicant for her favors with complete sang froid offered, if he were unsatisfactory, to secure any gallant who appealed to her fancy. She completed her remarks on this entertaining subject with a characteristic high-sounding
reflection: "Thus you see, my dear, gallantry and good breeding are as different in different climes as morality and religion."

On the more aesthetic plane, Lady Mary found time to see everything with "diligent curiosity," and gave an account of anything she thought worthy of interest. The emperor's private art collection "contained vast quantity of painting..., but the most valuable are a few of Corregio." Although she had "so far wandered from the discipline of the Church of England to have been last Sunday at the opera," she thought the performance magnificent and "had not yet repented seeing it." But if the opera was thus delightful, the theatre was ridiculous to as high a degree. Understanding enough of the language "to comprehend the greatest part of it" she attended the performance of a German comedy which she thought absurd and indecent.

Mr. Montagu's instructions delayed him two months at Vienna, and before going on to Constantinople, he was summoned to Hanover where the English monarch was enjoying a respite from his royal duties. In November the ambassador and his wife traveled to Prague, arriving "after three days and nights of hard post travelling." In a letter to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Mary gives adequate reasons for the usual tourist's avoiding Germany as a place for travel:

The kingdom of Bavaria is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany; the villages so poor, and the post houses so miserable, clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be found, and better accommodation not to be hoped.
Lady Mary took her own bed with her, but "could not sometimes find a place to set it up in." She chose to travel all night, cold as it was, wrapped up in her furs rather than go into "the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents."

From Prague to Dresden she did not leave her chaise, but traveled twenty four hours without food or rest. With wifely consideration she did not disturb her sleeping husband, even when she "could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice." However, perceiving in the moonlight that the postilions were napping on the job, she called to awaken them, and disturbed her husband, who assured her that he "had passed the Alps five times in different places, without having gone a road so dangerous."

At Hanover the Wortleys were received royally, and given rooms in the palace, which was "capable of holding a larger court than St. James." Basking in the favor of her sovereign, "that honest blockhead," Lady Mary courted the jealousy of the German ladies whom she found beautiful, if monotonously so. They resembled one another as much as "Mrs. Salmon's court in London,"11 and were in equal "danger of melting away by too near approaching the fire," a piece of self-denial from which they "suffered extremely." Mr. Montagu received his final instructions. Her closeness to England may have been a momentary temptation to return home, but "since Mr. Wortley was determined to proceed with his design," Lady Mary was equally determined to follow him. The couple returned to Vienna at the end of the year.
It was in January 1717 that the journey to Constantinople began in earnest. The socially-successful visitor was quite ready to give up the round of pleasures in the gay capital since they were "fettered with formality and assumed the air of a system." The season could not have been more unfavorable for traveling and Prince Eugene, then at the Imperial court for the winter, was thoughtful enough to try to dissuade the travelers from setting out until the Danube had thawed and travel could be by water. But it is one thing to travel as the wife of an ambassador and another to travel as a nobody.

Thus, well protected by sables against the intense cold, and an impressive retinue of some three hundred soldiers against the marauding Hungarians, the travelers crossed the "desert plains covered with snow." All rumors and personal qualms were proved to be ungrounded. Everywhere the English representative was received with ceremony, and tolerable accommodations were secured. The snow was deep, but the coaches were "fixed upon traineaus" which proved a most satisfactory way of traveling.

Crossing the frozen Danube, they came to Petervjardein, and between that place and Belgrade were handed over to the Turks in a most impressive style. The recent scene of Prince Eugene's victory over the Turkish forces was passed. Lady Mary in a letter to Pope philosophized on the present state of man:

The marks of that glorious day are yet recent, the field being strewn with the skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, and
reflect on the injustice of war that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to me plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind. I am a good deal inclined to believe with Mr. Hobbs, that the state of nature is a state of war.\textsuperscript{12}

The ambassador, "ever zealous in the service of his Majesty," pushed on from Belgrade without delay. Passing through the forests of Serbia, stops were made at Nish, Sofia, and Philippopolis. Arriving at Adrianople in early spring, Lady Mary could reflect with real satisfaction to the Princess of Wales that she had, by suffering great fatigue, accomplished "a journey that had not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors." The provisions for the suite were supplied gratis by the peasants, who also found, on the same ruinous terms, the horses and the twenty wagons to transport the ambassador's baggage. Lady Mary was touched at the distress of these unfortunates, and reported she would gladly have paid for these conveniences out of her own pocket. Wifely frugality, however, comes to the rescue, and she quite sensibly reflected that the money would be extorted from the peasants by their oppressors without remorse.

At Adrianople Lady Mary reported she had "now got into a new world." With energy and intelligence she set out to acquire an acquaintance with foreign culture and customs that could add to her prestige at home. She was quick to realize that in Turkey she had come upon that dream of the intellectually ambitious; an untouched subject. As she wrote to the Abbe Conti, one of her favorite correspondents, soon after her arrival, no one in England knew anything about the
country:

Tis certain we have but very imperfect accounts of manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report anything exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false.13

Lady Mary's letters from Adrianople are full of interesting observations embellished with a due amount of the Montagu raciness and wit. Her privileged position as an ambassador's wife gave her exceptional facilities for seeing Turkish life. Already at Sofia she had used her sex to advantage and visited the women's baths, leaving a warm account of what she saw there: "...cushioned sofas on which sat ladies with their slaves behind them, and all in the state of nature, that is in plain English, stark naked."14 The Turkish ladies proposed undressing Lady Mary, but were defeated by her stays, which they attributed to an over zealous and jealous husband. There is nothing shocking in these remarks to the modern reader, but that the description was written by a woman, and in an age in which the mere notion of nudity was shocking, is exceptional. Lady Mary was being even more daring when she went on to declare:

I had wickedness enough to wish secretly that Mr. Jarvis15 could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbert, and many negligently lying on their cushions.16

This high spirited disregard for convention is characteristic of the writer. In matters of this sort, she loved to foster a reputation which, no doubt, she thought would be
attributed to independence of mind. However, her circle in London found a more gratifying explanation closer to hand. While it was characteristic for her to describe such an experience, it was equally characteristic to report she had left the baths to visit "the ruins of Justinian's church." Nevertheless, the last shocking word is Lady Mary's, for the church, unfortunately, did not afford her "so agreeable a prospect."

In the midst of these diverting surroundings Lady Mary did not forget that she was, happily, an Englishwoman. The perpetual spring climate which made everything "look so gay and flourishing," she would not exchange for that of England. With typical British insularity, but unusual with this independent woman, she uses the weather as a springboard for a touch of the liberty theme:

But this climate, as happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England with all its snows and frosts, while we are blessed with an easy government under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.17

After a stay of six weeks, the embassy left Adrianople and proceeded to Constantinople, where it was lodged in a palace at Pera. Here the Englishwoman set about making herself a part of her surroundings; she began by dressing up. An exotic Turkish costume completed the transformation. A new person, she ventured forth into her "new world." Thus attired she was able to leave the diplomatic quarter at Pera and cross the strait to Constantinople, an expedition most Europeans were willing to forego.18
The view of the city from the sea which she described in romantic, graphic imagery appeared to her as magnificent:

And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered in fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature. On the European stands Constantinople situated on seven hills...shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another with much beauty....

In the city, mosques and other public buildings, though they no doubt attracted her attention, merited less notice in her letters than the people and their customs. One building, however, warranted a lengthy account. The Sancta Sophia proved to be somewhat of an obstacle even for an ambassador's wife. After some days of "important debate" between mosque and governmental officials, insistent requests by Lady Mary, and, no doubt, embassy intervention in the affair, the indomitable Englishwoman was given permission to visit the famous building. The experience proved a disappointment. Lady Mary tried her hand at a full-scale, eighteenth-century architectural description, but honestly admitted that she knew little about architecture and that her taste was questionable: a rare admission indeed. Other mosques pleased her better, especially the Valide, besides which "between friends, St. Paul's would make a pitiful figure."

Lady Mary had access to the highest native society which she portrayed in her letters, catching in vivid, colorful sketches all the sensuous luxury of the eastern court. She had the honor of dining with the Sultana Hasiten, widow of
the late sultan, who had been deposed and, it was thought, murdered by his brother. Lady Mary was "very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favor of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world." If the sultana had only "the remains of a fine face" her jewelry, which her guest shrewdly appraised at "above a hundred thousand pounds sterling" compensated for the deficiency. The dinner of "fifty dishes of meat" was boring but "incredibly magnificent."

The wife of the Grand Vizar's lieutenant, "the fair Fatima," far outshone the sultana in personal beauty and in the grandeur of her apartments. Lady Mary paid her a visit, described the episode in Arabian-Nights' terms, and, as usual, told all:

On a sofa raised three steps and covered with fine Turkish carpets sat the kahya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels....and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly to be seen near the fair Fatima....so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen.... Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of ancient nymphs....She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play airs on instruments while others danced by turns. Nothing could be more artful to raise certain ideas. The tunes so soft! the motions so languishing! accompanied with pauses and dying eyes!....I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of something not to be spoken of....

Social calls are not Lady Mary's only diversions. Her eager and active mind was engaged in all manner of inquiries. She took delight in the idea that she was instructing the world at large (supposing her letters were much sought after, as doubtless they were) and informing it of things which
could be learned from nobody else. She set about learning the Turkish language, translated Turkish poetry, began a collection of Greek coins, sent back to England a shipment of antique marbles, and tried the famous balm of Mecca on her face, which thereupon "swelled to an extraordinary size," and became "all over as red as my Lady B's," to the great annoyance of her husband.

Lady Mary could have found new sights and experiences with which to busy herself indefinitely, but the political turn of affairs suddenly terminated the Turkish adventure. The spring of 1717 saw the resumption of the Austrian-Turkish conflict which proved disastrous not only for the Turks but to the English ambassador as well. In July Prince Eugene laid siege to Belgrade and captured the city in August.

Shortly before the actual capture, the British emissary had persuaded the Turks to propose terms of peace, himself acting as mediator. The proposals he advanced, however, were hardly in keeping with the actual situation. The Austrian Emperor looked upon such proposals as an attempt to deprive the victor out of his rightful spoils. The court at Vienna not only complained that the English ambassador was acting in the interests of Turkey, but demanded his recall. The friendship of Austria being essential to English foreign policy, the demands were met.

So, in September 1717 letters of recall were sent to Mr. Montagu at Constantinople along with a conciliatory letter from his friend, Joseph Addison, then Secretary of State. It was July 1718 before Lady Mary and her husband
left Constantinople on the Preston man-of-war which took them to Genoa, by way of Tunis. From here the party journeyed to Lyons and Paris and so to Dover. This was not the end of their travels but never again did they travel together. Mr. Montagu visited the Continent on several more occasions. As for Lady Mary, she spent more than twenty years of her life there, living for the most part in France and Italy.  

Undoubtedly Lady Mary was keenly disappointed, not only with her husband's inability to skillfully play the diplomatic game, but also with the sudden ending of her exciting visit in this fabulous country. She "trembled" at the thought of the long journey home with so large a household and the new addition to her family, born several months prior to her departure. The young infant, as to be expected, did not prevent her from taking a lively interest in all the places she saw on the return trip.

The Preston anchored in the Hellespont "between the castles of Sestos and Abydos" which of course reminded her of Hero and Leander. Having seen the strait she found "nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes." A little farther on Lady Mary went ashore and climbed the promontory of Sigaeum "to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round the tomb in his honor, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost." With Iliad in hand, much in the fashion of Addison on his travels, and mounted on "an ass, the only voiture to be had," Lady Mary toured the Homeric country. With aplomb she passed judgment
on the antiquity of the ruins to be seen, laboriously copied inscriptions, and generally showed her erudition.

After a short stay at Tunis, from which point she made an excursion to the ancient site of Carthage, the party passed on to Genoa. The account of the overland journey to Calais is limited to but a few letters. These are illustrative of the usual commentary of the grand tourist, but couched in the terse Montagu style. Genoa, as with most travelers, excited her admiration. Of the many palaces there her comment is limited to and summarized by the pertinent question, "Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, of the design of Palladio?" The Sancta Sophia in retrospect takes on an added aurora of magnificence than that shown in her earlier letter on this building. Of Italian churches she wrote: "All these churches appeared mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia. I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names."

Continuing on to Turin, the travelers crossed the Alps by way of Mount Cenis and so into France. The Alps provoked only a somewhat cursory account. "The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, clouds hanging far below..., and the vast cascades tumbling down the rocks" would have been more "solemnly entertaining" if she had suffered less from the intense cold. She was not "half so much afraid of breaking her neck" as of becoming ill. Events proved she placed her fears in the right place. However, the cold, fever, and sore throat had left her by the time she reached Paris. Meeting her sister, the Countess of Mar, the
two "agreed upon running about together" and saw Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. It seems the closer she traveled to England the more British she became. Versailles was "rather vast than beautiful....the irregularity of it shocking." Nothing in France delighted her more than to see "an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris." Mr. L____, the worthy character, treated French dukes and peers "extremely de haut en bas," much to her satisfaction. The French she found to be "a frivolous, restless and agreeable people." With a curious mixture of honesty and British arrogance she admitted her opinion was a superficial one:

I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this I believe would require but little study as there is no great depth in either.22

In one of the last letters from abroad, Lady Mary wrote of her displeasure at returning to England. She hastens to assure her correspondent her reluctance is not "from the insensibility of seeing her friends," but from the fact she would be "half killed with questions." From the personality unconsciously revealed in her letters the reader cannot but feel that Lady Mary was posing in making this statement. Perhaps, a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the cynosure of envious eyes, basking in the glory of her extraordinary travels is closer to the truth.
Imperialist expansion brought France and England into direct conflict in the Seven Year's War. The war curtailed the flow of English visitors, but after the Peace of Paris Englishmen flocked to the Continent in ever increasing numbers. Horace Walpole reported that within two years 40,000 of his countrymen passed through Calais alone. Among this stream of travelers was Tobias Smollett.

A doctor by profession, who, having little success in medicine, lived by writing, Smollett, by the time of this protracted visit to France, had already established his literary reputation. Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Count Fathom had all been published. In 1756 he became the editor of the Critical Review, and in this capacity became involved in many literary squabbles, the most famous of which is that concerning Admiral Charles Knowles. In May 1758 in the Critical, in his remarks on a pamphlet compiled by Knowles, Smollett leveled an attack against the admiral's naval record and character. Smollett paid heavily for his libelous review. The protracted series of legal actions came to a climax when, in November 1760, Smollett was tried and convicted for libel. He was fined one hundred pounds, sentenced to be imprisoned for three months, and obliged to give security for his good behavior for seven years. During this period of legal difficulties, Smollett continued work on numerous literary enterprises. In addition to editing the Critical and writing Launcelot Greaves, he supervised the

A man of weak constitution, Smollett, soon began to show the effects of his humiliating lawsuit and the strain of strenuous literary activity. In March 1762, Smollett, in a letter to John Wilkes, reported he had been ill three months. In another letter of June of the same year he described his serious physical condition: "I am extremely emaciated; and am afflicted with a leeking Catarrh and cough all night without ceasing." Added to failing health was the blow of the death of the Smolletts' only child, Elizabeth, aged fifteen. Strained physically and spiritually to the breaking point, Smollett decided to leave his literary labors and personal misfortunes, and travel abroad. He recorded his experiences on the Continent in a series of letters, which he published in 1766 under the title, Travels Through France and Italy. The letters present both a vivid account of life on the Continent and an interesting portrait of the irascible Dr. Smollett.

Accompanied by his wife, two young ladies, and his servant, Smollett sailed from Dover for France where he was to remain, for the most part in Nice, until his return to England in July 1765. "He set out," says Laurence Sterne, "with the spleen and jaundice," and from the very first everything went wrong. Opening his account with scathing remarks on the London-to-Dover road, the execrable inns along the way, and the scurrilous Doverites, who "live by piracy in
time of war and by smuggling and fleecing strangers in time of peace," Smollett then goes on to describe the channel crossing. The packet in which they crossed was apparently most uncomfortable. The cabin was so small that "a dog could hardly turn in it," and the beds were so dirty and confined that nothing but "extreme necessity" could have obliged Smollett to use them. Arriving on the French coast at 3:00 A.M., the travelers had to transfer to a smaller vessel in order to reach the shore. From the landing stage, they had to walk a mile to an inn, where they were forced to wait, the beds being occupied, several hours until some of the lodgers should get up. Smollett was further enraged by having his books confiscated for government inspection.

His temper was somewhat restored by finding "commodious" lodgings in Boulogne, where he decided to stay during the hot weather. During his summer there, Smollett turned a critical eye on the society of France. He divides the inhabitants into three classes: the nobility, the burghers, and the canaille. The nobility he condemned as creatures at once "vain, proud, and poor"; "without dignity, sense, or sentiment; contemptible from pride and ridiculous from vanity."10 The prosperous bourgeoisie he pictured as living at their ease in filth; quite ignorant of the laws of common decency. The laboring people he found ill-lodged, wretchedly fed, and victimized by tyrannical landlords. Boulogne, like the rest of France, was, in his opinion, cursed with political and social injustice and preyed upon by religious superstitition.

Social evils, however, did not prevent Smollett from
enjoying life in Boulogne much more than he had anticipated. He relished the good food of the region: tasty mutton, good pork, excellent turkeys, as well as a "very agreeable and very cheap" small white wine, good claret, and "excellent small beer as reasonable as in England." Evidently pleasant social contacts were not lacking. The Smolletts frequently drank tea with a Mrs. B____ in her charming summer-house which commanded a delightful prospect of the sea. In company with Captain L____ and Mrs. B____, they enjoyed an excursion to Samers, a village on the Paris road, three leagues from Boulogne. Here Smollett visits a Benedictine abbey with "agreeable gardens prettily laid out." Characteristically, he adds that their church was "elegantly contrived, but kept in a very dirty condition."

Smollett has left an interesting description of Boulogne. The town was large and agreeable, with broad open streets and houses of stone, "well built and commodious." With his chronic complaints of expenses, one wonders if he liked the town merely because living here was "pretty reasonable." The city was divided into an upper and lower portion. The former was a kind of citadel, surrounded by a high wall and rampart. Here the nobility and gentry lived together and "did not mix with the rest." This section contained the town house, the cathedral, and two or three convents, in one of which were several English girls sent there for their education. Smollett is very unenthusiastic about the practice of English parents sending their daughters abroad to learn the French language:
The smallness of the expense, he remarks, encourages parents to send their children abroad to these feminaries, where they learn scarce any thing that is useful, but the French language; but they never fail to imbibe prejudices against the protestant religion, and generally return enthusiastic converts to the religion of Rome. This conversion always generates a contempt for, and often an aversion to, their own country.\footnote{11}

By autumn, Smollett had recovered his books. He placed his "great chests" on board a ship bound for Bordeaux and, as he considered "the common coach such a vehicle as no man would use who has any regard to his ease and convenience," he hired a berline and four horses. About September 22, he set out for Paris by way of Montreuil, Abbeville, and Amiens. He doesn't describe these towns which he saw "only en passant." However, the party did visit the palace at Chantilly and the abbey of St. Denis. On the former, Smollett makes no comment. The latter impressed him as "the lightest piece of gothic architecture" he had ever seen. With the attentive eye of the chronic invalid towards comfort, he remarks that the air within the abbey seems to be perfectly free from the dampness so perceivable in the English cathedrals. On the royal tombs he comments: "they are mostly in French taste which is quite contrary to the simplicity of the ancients."

The inns along the route to Paris are the subject for the usual Smollett criticism. At Montreuil and Amiens the party secured comfortable accommodations, but at every other place they met with "an abundance of dirt and the most flagrant imposition." The French landlords and servants were particularly annoying for Smollett:
Instead of coming to the door, to receive you as in England, they take, observes Smollett, no manner of notice of you but leave you to find or inquire your way into the kitchen. In general, he adds, you are served with the appearance of the most mortifying indifference, at the very time they are laying schemes for fleecing you of your money.12

On arrival in Paris, where he remained for some two weeks, Smollett is beset with further worries. Extracts from his own account of his life there afford both a brief statement of what the usual visitor saw in Paris, and a delightfully revealing picture of Smollett, on the one hand, complaining of expenses and, on the other hand, trying to keep up appearances in the fashionable capital.

I had desired a friend to provide lodgings for me at Paris, in the faubourg St. Germain; and accordingly we found ourselves accommodated at the Hotel de Montmorency, with a first floor, which costs me ten livres a day. I should have put up with it had it been less polite; but as I have only a few days to stay in this place, and some visits to receive, I am not sorry that my friend has exceeded his commission. I have been guilty of another piece of extravagance, in hiring a carrosse de remise, for which I pay twelve livres a day. Besides the article of visiting, I could not leave Paris, without carrying my wife and the girls to see the most remarkable places in and about this capital, such as the Luxemburg, the Palais-Royal, the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Invalids, the Gobelins etc. together with Versailles, Trianon, Marli, Meudon, and Choissi.... Nothing gives me such chagrin, as the necessity I am under to hire a valet de place, as my own servant does not speak the language.13

Smollett, although he does not expressly say so, evidently felt obliged to make certain purchases for himself and his wife, despite his wish that the English "had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat the French modes with philosophical contempt...."
When an Englishman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphosis. At his first arrival he finds it necessary to send for the taylor, peruquier, hatter, shoemaker, and every other tradesman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He must even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the risk of his life, suit his cloaths to the mode of the season....Females are (if possible) still more subject to the caprices of fashion; and as the articles of their dress are more manifold, it is enough to make a man's heart ache to see his wife surrounded by a multitude of cotturieres, milliners, and tirewoman....The good man, who used to wear the beau drap d'Angleterre, quite plain all the year round....must here provide himself with a camblet suit trimmed with silver for spring and autumn, with silk cloaths for summer, and cloth laced with gold, or velvet for winter; and he must wear his bagwig a la pigeon. This variety of dress is absolutely indispensible for all those who pretend to any rank above the meer bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is useless,\textsuperscript{14}

Of the Luxembourg, the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Invalides, Smollett does not deign to give a description, as also with the churches, where he found the music "drawling and melancholy." As he cried down the French drama, it is possible he saw a few plays while there. He pronounces the favorite dramatic pieces to be "almost without incident," and dismisses the dialogue of French comedy with the phrase, "moral, insipid apophthegms entirely desitute of wit, or repartee." Like all other sightseers, he made an excursion to Versailles. The reader is not disappointed that its magnificence made no impression upon him:

In spite of all the ornaments that have been lavish-ed on Versailles, it is a dismal habitation. The apart-ments are dark, ill-furnished, dirty and unprincely. Take the castle, chapel and garden altogether, they make a most fantastic composition of magnificence and little-ness, taste and foppery.\textsuperscript{15}

The insular Englishman comes to the fore and he reflects:

"after all, it is in England only where we must look for
cheerful apartments, gay furniture, neatness, and convenience."

When Smollett had seen enough of Paris to suit his taste, he hired a coach and moved on, via Dijon, to Lyons. Despising the garlic of French cookery, he laid in a supply of tea, chocolate, cured neats tongues, and Bologna sausages in order to avoid the bad food of the inns. His personal adventures on this leg of the journey, Smollett stated, would not bear a recital. He does, however, describe some amusing episodes, one of which is worthy of repetition here as it gives a memorable self-portrait of the querulous doctor. Having treated, in a scurrilous manner, a French seigneur, unrecognizable as such because of his odd costume, Smollett is mortified over his breach of decorum:

The truth is, he writes; I was that day more than usually peevish, from the bad weather, as well as from the dread of a fit of the asthma, with which I was threatened; and I dare say my appearance seemed as uncouth to him as his travelling dress appeared to me. I had a grey mourning frock under a wide great coat, a bob wig without powder, a very large laced hat, and a meagre, wrinkled, discontented countenance.16

Smollett found the trip to Lyons expensive and the cost of living in that city so alarming that he stayed but a few days, then moved on to Montpellier. En route, Smollett allowed himself to be charmed with the beauty of the country through which they were now passing and the delightful conversation of his extraordinary muleteer, whom he suspected of having been a smuggler. He admired the famous Pont du Gard, which he was astonished to find in a state as "fresh as the bridge at Westminster." The Maison Carrée aroused Smollett to an unusual degree of enthusiasm. Of the temple he writes:
Without all doubt it is ravishingly beautiful. The whole world cannot parallel it; and I am astonished to see it standing entire like the effects of enchantment, after such a succession of ages, every one more barbarous than another. 17

In Montpellier, Smollett, again harassed by a cough, asthma, and fever, approached the famous specialist, Dr. Antoine Fizes. Smollett sent his valet de place to the doctor's house with a long description of his case written in Latin. Highly disgusted because Fizes replied in French, Smollett declared in his account that the doctor could not understand Latin or had not read his letter, that he misunderstood the case and was, in short, a quack. Despite his illness Smollett seems to have enjoyed his stay in Montpellier. In fact the very virtues of the life there urged him to move on: "I have not health to enjoy these pleasures.... I shall be led into an expense which I can ill afford."

After some two weeks of traveling in a mule-drawn coach, the Smolletts arrived at Nice and there maintained their residence from November 1763 to April 1765, being away only on their trip to Italy (from the beginning of September until the middle of November 1764) and on a short excursion to Turin in February 1765. Soon after his arrival, Smollett rented, for twenty pounds per year, an unfurnished "ground floor." Although there were no pictures, statues or buildings, public libraries, nor even a bookseller, he approved of Nice for it was "cultivated like a garden." Like all the English travelers, Smollett is entranced with the luxuriant vegetation of the southern regions. He speaks of the orange and lemon trees everywhere and plots of roses, carnations,
anemones, and daffodils "blowing in full glory, with such beauty, vigor and perfume as no flower in England ever exhibited." The climatic conditions, too, were almost perfect. He states that, from the moment of his arrival he breathed more freely than he had done for years; that he was much less susceptible to colds than he was in England, and that his spirits were more alert.

After his strenuous literary activity in London, his life at Nice must have been a comparatively idle one. Time was passed with rides on horseback, daily tours of the streets and ramparts of the town, and, in the summer, daily plunges into the ocean for his health. By this relaxed life, Smollett's health was greatly improved, and he began to plan a visit to Italy. In preparation for the journey he began early in 1764 to study Italian, hoping to be able to speak the language within six months.

In September of that year, he started out for Genoa by water. As Smollett carried recommendations to a well-bred lady in Genoa, he and Mrs. Smollett were treated hospitably, and were entertained "at her conversazione, which were numerous."18 From Genoa the travelers took another boat for Lerici, and from there went on to Pisa, Florence, and Rome by carriage. In Pisa, Smollett was much impressed by the campanile and the great cathedral, but no glowing, minute descriptions does he give, as is usual in the "guide-book" accounts of eighteenth century visitors to these famous buildings. Of the former, he remarks that many connoisseurs have taken pains to prove the architect built the tower
leaning on purpose. Then he retorts: "Any person who has eyes may see the pillars on that side are considerably sunk." Of the latter, only the brass gates designed and executed by John of Bologne aroused his curiosity and admiration. Of these he writes: "I was so charmed with this work, that I could have stood a whole day to examine and admire it."19

In Florence, Smollett seems to have been an indefatigable sightseer. He visits the art galleries, the chapel of San Lorenzo, the Pitti palace, the cathedral, and "everything which is commonly visited in this metropolis." Nothing escapes his attention. Observing a religious procession, he noticed that the hair of the statue being carried was frizzed and curled in the most extreme fashion. This proves an excellent opportunity for a derogatory remark at the expense of the French. "This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin," he caustically remarks, "must have been derived originally from the French, who pique themselves on their gallantry of the fair sex."20

Before the end of September, Smollett was in Rome observing its glories with avid interest and a sternly critical eye. This section of his Travels is more in the nature of a guidebook, but interspersed with routine listings of churches, palaces, and works of art are the usual shrewd comments by the ever-practical author. There is no mounting fervor of excitement expressed by Smollett as he crosses the Campania to Rome. The Campania is "nothing but a naked, withered down, desolate and dreary, ....exhibiting here and there ruins of an ancient castellum, tomb, or temple, and in some places the remains of
a Roman via." Once inside the city he observes that, while Rome still maintains an august and imperial appearance, "there is nothing intire but one or two churches built with fragments of ancient buildings." He admits he is no judge of art, but goes on to discuss the subject in a highly critical manner.

The piazza of St. Peter's arouses a certain degree of enthusiasm, but he says, "the church would have produced a still greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican." As it was, he regarded it as "no more than a beautiful member attached to a vast undigested and irregular pile of building." The interior, too, comes in for its share of adverse comment:

The altar of St. Peter's choir, notwithstanding all the ornaments which have been lavished on it is no more than a heap of peurile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of Greek architecture. Smollett professes a profound regard for the ancients, but their architecture does not escape disparagement. The Pantheon, for example, was, on the whole, disappointing to him. Although the portico appeared "very noble," it did not "correspond with the simplicity of the edifice."

Of the character of the Italians, which in other travel books of the period occupy much space, Smollett has little to say. However, he has much to say, adversely of course, of his fellow countrymen, who, "the moment they set foot in Italy,... are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, musick, statuary, and architecture...." For young grand tourists he has a bit of sound advice:
Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers (some of them of our own country) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impose upon the uninformed stranger, by selling him trash, as the productions of the most celebrated artists.

Smollett, somewhat humorously, closes this letter with the following: "I shall, in my next (letter) communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretense however to the character of connoisseur."

Leaving Rome after some five or six weeks, the Smolletts return to Nice by the same route, i.e., through Florence, Pisa, and Genoa. The trip to Florence was made by way of Terni to afford a visit to the famous falls of the Velino River. Even Nature herself seemed to be lacking in the eyes of Smollett. This cascade, he agrees, is "an object of tremendous sublimity," but it would appear, he adds, "much more astonishing were it not in some measure eclipsed by the superior height of the surrounding mountains." Approaching Florence, the travelers suffered the loss of a coach wheel and met with some appalling traveling, climaxcd by a four-mile walk in mud around the city wall. The remainder of the journey was made without mishap, and eventually they reached Nice about the middle of November.

With no apparent ill effects as the result of his Italian adventures, Smollett, in February 1765, ventured forth on mule-back, accompanied by his servant, over the snow-covered mountains to Turin. Unfortunately he has left only a few details of this journey in his account. They are reported
in letter XXXVIII, and are concerned essentially with routine information about the cost of food, transportation, and guides.

Some two months later, Smollett packed up for his return to England. He set out about the end of April, traveling by easy stages through Aix, Avignon, Fountainebleau, and Paris to Boulogne, where he arrived in June. His health was now so good that he was in the mood to admire everything. However, at Fountainebleau, sleet and rain were encountered, which made traveling very difficult. Smollett caught cold, and immediately his spirits fell. His cold was "reinforced" in Paris, where he remained only three days. A letter of May 23 finds him in Boulogne in a "tolerable lodging." Here he remained to rest before attempting "that invidious straight" which still divided him from his friends at home. In his last letter from France he writes:

I am at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance.22

Smollett had enjoyed his traveling experiences after his own fashion, but was glad to be going home. He did not, however, remain long in England. Shortly after, his health again broke down. After a fruitless search for health at the various watering places in England, he went to live in Italy in 1768, and died there in 1771.
Comparisons and Contrasts

Addison, as has been seen, started his career by courting the favor of Whig ministers and by coupling his name as a poet with that of Dryden. The course was a prudent one and afforded him the opportunity to travel on the Continent. The experiences of his travel he recorded in the *Remarks on Italy* which he published upon his return to England.

Perhaps the most striking quality of Addison's account in comparison with those of the other travelers under consideration is the complete suppression of personal experiences. The *Remarks* begin abruptly at Marseilles and terminate even more abruptly "in the long valley of the Tyrol." This travel journal, aside from the too few and equally impersonal letters which he wrote from abroad, is the sole record of Addison's life during this period. On this account one is tempted to wish the work had answered more to the character of a personal travel narrative. An account of his adventures with landlords and other travelers encountered in inns, coaches, and boats would have been far more revealing and diverting than a mere "tour through the Latin poets."

Instead we have Addison revealed not as a person but rather in the impersonal roles of a Protestant Englishman, a Whig politician, and a classical scholar. Of the three roles the most dominant is that of the classical scholar. One is not surprised, when one considers his academic and literary background, that the *Remarks* for the most part is merely a series of illustrations from the Latin poets. The not
unpleasant pedantry in Addison is the pedantry of a young university man of his day who learned his facts from books and compared his knowledge with the monuments he found existing.

Addison's account is not a brilliant one, yet it has much pleasant humor and an air of breeding and good taste, a quality noticeably absent from Smollett's account. Addison was critical in the manner of a Whig and a Protestant, but he was too much of a gentleman to lapse into those faults that mar Smollett's work, petulance and malice. In writing his criticism of the governments of Italy Addison was sincere, but, doubtless, also had in mind the purpose of those who had made his travel possible. When censuring papal tyranny he obviously had his eye on the Jacobites at home. His criticism of the religious superstition is conventional but not harsh, as were the violent harangues to which Smollett gave vent.

Here and there Addison attempted to describe natural scenery, but like the remainder of our travelers, with the possible exception of Thomas Gray, his vocabulary shrunk to a few conventional epithets. In the presence of the Alps he can talk only of an "agreeable horror," and among the Italian lakes of "beautiful prospects." However, as regards a sense of the picturesque in nature Addison was considerably in advance of most travelers of his time. We cannot overlook the description of his crossing the Apennines, which reveals a real consciousness of the beauty to be found in natural landscape, nor the fact that he departed from the beaten track
to view the cascade of Terni, which he found more astonishing than "all the waterworks at Versailles." That he had but moderate admiration for the Alps cannot be especially counted against him. He was conforming to the spirit of the age, which with Pope, felt "the proper study of mankind is man." Moreover, in an age when everything must be in keeping with the classical code, which demanded regularity in nature as well as in the arts, was it not wiser for a young writer to conform to the established rules? Clearly, Addison was being his usual prudent self.

II

The study of the familiar letters which Lady Mary Montagu wrote during her travels on the Continent has a double interest. They are interesting as exemplifying the fitness of a woman to compete in a field which had been monopolized by the stronger sex, and they reveal the features of life and scenery that most attract the feminine eye.

The publication of these travel letters is in itself an interesting bit of literary history. Shortly after her marriage Lady Mary began keeping a diary which swelled to a voluminous record of a long and active career in social, literary, and political circles. This diary, kept assiduously for so many years, was destroyed by her daughter, Lady Bute, shortly before the latter's death in 1794. She considered "that it would do no honor to its author if it were made public." Lady Mary anticipated her daughter's views and took steps to assure the publication of that portion of
her journal which described her travels to Constantinople. Notations from this diary formed the basis of the letters which she sent to her friends during the period of her travels. Copies of these personal letters, amplified still further by additional journal notations, were edited by the writer during her twenty-two year separation from Edward Wortley Montagu. On her way back to England after her husband's death in 1760, Lady Mary gave her manuscript to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, a Protestant clergyman in Rotterdam. Lord Bute, her son-in-law, as a prominent political figure, was loath to have the writings of his notorious mother-in-law come to light and so purchased the manuscript from Sowden. It must have been greatly to his chagrin that a three volume edition of the letters appeared in 1763. Lady Mary had obviously taken more than one precaution to assure the publication of her work. Thus it was that her travel book, indeed her only book in the sense that it was the only one she left complete and in the form in which she wished it to be read, was made available by the indomitable spirit of its author to succeeding generations of readers.

Men have traveled classically as Joseph Addison did, grumpily as did Tobias Smollett, or stoically and in boredom like Horace Walpole. Lady Mary traveled for the sheer enjoyment of the thing. The letters of this intelligently daring woman are written with an exhilarating mixture of enthusiasm and sophistication. Critical, in the manner of her age, and even among her contemporaries exceptionally
sharp witted, she enjoyed her experiences too much to exhibit petulance, boredom, or deep-seated political and religious malice. The letters show a brilliant and highly cultivated mind and, what is more to be valued, an unflinching good sense and toleration of other creeds and opinions. Of the travel writers here studied she is the least insular, being a cosmopolitan traveler who sloughed off to a large extent the typical prejudices common to the travelers of her age.

Like Smollett, Lady Mary's chief interest as a traveler was in the people and customs of the countries which she visited. But unlike Smollett she shows a remarkable adaptability to situations encountered for the first time, becoming, as it were, a part of rather than an observer of the social scene in which she was moving. True she found much on which to exercise her critical faculties but she had the talent for being particularly interesting when she was showing her prejudice and more particularly so when she was describing social usages which her correspondents would have considered indiscreet.

For the beauties of nature and architecture Lady Mary exhibits but a small degree of enthusiasm. In the former, like Addison, she was adhering to the conventions of her times. Lady Mary was a true Augustan whose tastes did not include an admiration for the romantic and sublime aspects of nature. However, one feels the keen-eyed traveler would have competently and enthusiastically admired the passing landscapes in the best romantic fashion had it been the vogue
to do so. On the latter subject her silence was due, as she honestly admitted, to a lack of knowledge, a rare admission when most travelers set themselves up as connoisseurs of the arts.

It was inevitable that her subject matter should often have a feminine air, but the directness of her style and manner of looking at things are decidedly masculine in character. Brilliant as her account is, like Addison's, it reveals more of the intellectual interests of an early eighteenth century traveler rather than the personality of the writer. The letters appeal more to the mind than to the heart. Still when these limitations have been admitted she has virtues enough left and will not lack readers until wit and a complete independence of mind are no longer valued.

III

At the request of Horace Walpole, Thomas Gray accompanied him on his tour of France and Italy. Each young man recounted his experiences in a series of familiar letters, which was in neither case written with the deliberate end of publication in mind, although the former's were left at the time of his death corrected, copiously annotated, and quite ready for publication. Walpole's letters reflect the conventional eighteenth century tour of the Continent, which in most cases it probably was, as a round of pleasant social functions, interspersed with perfunctory sight seeing and collecting of antiquities. Gray's account on the other hand pictures the grand tour as it was ideally visualized by
educational philosophers of the age; a serious attempt on the part of the tourist to become in every sense of the expression "a citizen of the world" through the study of the people, languages, and culture of foreign countries. It is ironic that Gray, who achieved in a large measure the lofty ideals laid down for the grand tourist, ever afterwards appeared in the role of the academic recluse, whereas Walpole, on whom the broadening influence of travel seemingly left but a superficial veneer, ever afterwards posed as a "universal" man.

Walpole as a traveler has little in common with his companion Gray, the other travelers here discussed, or, indeed, with any other traveler of the century. He pictured himself, even at this early age as the dilettante connoisseur whose equanimity was immune against the impact of new sights and new experiences. Such affectation imparts to his account a pleasing absence of the insularity which characterizes the other travel journals, most notably Smollett's and to a more restrained degree Addison's, but, unfortunately, leaves one little but negations on which to base a comparison.

A busy idleness and a passion for trifles characterize his account. Superficially he displayed an interest in men and manners but his interest, one notes, concerned itself only with the fashionable aristocratic circles which he frequented. Thus, the latest masquerade, "conversation," or dinner party is described with all the enthusiasm a really shallow intellect can muster for such unimportant trifles. The true social conditions of the populace were passed over.
in silence, no doubt because such bourgeois concerns were unworthy of the notice of this fashionable aristocrat.

As to be expected, Walpole displayed no reaction, with the exception of his unjustly famous exclamations occasioned by the landscape en route to the Grand Chartreuse, to the natural aspects of France and Italy. Macaulay, too severely, described Walpole as "the most capricious of men...a bundle of whims and affectations." However, in the light of Walpole's subsequent reactions to mountain scenery, the appraisal of his character by Macaulay seems, in this one respect at least, to be correct. Never again during his travels did he evince any admiration for the grandeur of mountains nor, moreover, indicate any consciousness of the beauties of Nature even in her more conventional forms. In this connection, it is worthy of note that in later life Walpole, who saw none of the Italian landscape which stirred even the restrained Addison to a moderate degree of admiration, spent a great deal of his time giving vent to an affected passion for gardening at Strawberry Hill.

One would have expected Walpole to exhibit some degree of political animus, since the sybaritic existence he led was largely dependent on an income made available from sinecures granted under Whig ministries, but here again the reader is disappointed. Nominally, and as the son of Sir Robert he could scarcely be anything else, he was a Whig, but about politics, except, as in the case of the papal election, when they involved intrigue for which he had an almost feminine weakness, he obviously cared little. His Whiggism, apparently,
was of a mild order and as such makes no appearance in his travel letters. In fact, one can reasonably say that in the light of the very high social circles in which he moved he was closely akin to a courtier. His political sentiments, had they been expressed, would have been more monarchial than democratic in tone.

Walpole's travel letters have little value either as a record of social and political conditions on the Continent or as a record of eighteenth century thought on the important issues of the age. But, the letters do present a brilliant picture of how the traveling English aristocrat occupied himself abroad when he was not following in the steps prescribed by the contemporary Baedekers. Literally, Walpole's affectation is innocuous. It is his very attitude of independence, which makes his travel account well worth reading. A mere echo of the opinions of the usual traveler would have been immeasurably less entertaining than his bits of scandal and pertinent comments on the eccentricities of his fellow countrymen abroad.

The letters which Gray wrote from France and Italy were not, as were Walpole's, the complete account of the observations which he made, but were detached and entertaining descriptions intended for the amusement of his friends back in England. The voluminous, but fragmentary, notes which he wrote on palaces, churches, painting, and statuary fill in the background of his experience and reveal Gray's amazing genius for self-employment. This assiduous note-taking may
also be considered as an indication of the trend toward serious and detailed study which characterized the activities of prominent literary figures of the mid-century.

Gray was, in the brilliancy of his letter-writing, unmistakably inferior to his companion Walpole or to Lady Mary Montagu. No one can read these letters without seeing that the frivolous, superficial aspects of the continental scene in which these other two travelers so especially delighted held little attraction for him. By comparison his letters are not so scintillating and entertaining, but their quiet, subtle humor will continue to amuse long after the froth of Walpole and Lady Mary has dissipated itself.

Devoted, apparently, to his studies and quite intent on turning his travels to the highest account, he seemed never to have time to assume the glib superiority of Walpole, the somewhat sententious didacticism of Addison or the blatant authoritativeness of the well-traveled Smollett. He was free from the weakness of posing as a man of the world and never imagined, one feels, that he had to conform to the traditional opinions of his traveling contemporaries. Gray is rarely betrayed into any extravagance of feeling either by the superficialities or by the things which we can deduce were meaningful to him.

The remarkable thing which gives him his unique interest as a traveler is that he was not altogether of his time. It is perfectly clear that in an unobtrusive fashion he anticipated the imaginative revival which was to come at the end of the century in more points than one. He is the only one of
our travelers who openly confessed to an admiration for architecture other than the classical. His descriptions of the buildings he saw, with the notable exception of the palace at Versailles, more frequently employ the phrase "a vast gothic building of surprising beauty" rather than the hackneyed, deprecating expression "but gothic." His reaction to mountains has too frequently been written about, but still must be considered in discussing the modern views of Gray. Suffice to say that he delighted in mountain scenery and went to a great deal of trouble to enjoy it in an age when to all other men mountains were at best but an "agreeable horror."

He has too a genuine power of description. Even Walpole realized his companion's superiority in this respect and relegated to him the task, if task it were, of picturing for their joint correspondents the passing countryside. As in the charmingly gay and transparent description of the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone, Gray not infrequently included something of his refined sense of humor in his word landscapes. Not only did the broader prospects of Nature interest him but also the more minute features, the birds, flowers, trees, and vines, all of which he noted with the watchfulness of a man of science.

We can infer from his travel letters no enthusiasm for political or social change. But a man who felt that "every precipice and cliff of the Alps was pregnant with religion" had really little concern with the systems devised by puerile man. Although their systems held little interest for him Gray had a keen eye for the foibles of his fellow
creatures. He surveyed the panorama of continental society with salient good sense and always with an indulgent and good-natured smile.

IV

Of all the Englishmen who traveled on the Continent during the eighteenth century Smollett certainly must have been the most disagreeable. Yet in spite of his shortcomings he was a keen observer and had more of practical value to say to his contemporaries than most other travelers of the time. Smollett's record may not have the intimacy of the Walpole-Gray account, the brilliance of Lady Mary's letters, or the erudition of Addison's Remarks, but it is the most trenchant and best informed of the group.

His experiences were recorded in a series of letters which nominally may be classified as familiar but which on the whole show a marked regularity foreign to the form. Smollett himself intimates that the epistolary form of the travels is largely artificial, telling us that his observations made during his travels through France and Italy were "thrown into a series of letters which will make two volumes in quarto." This intimation is supported particularly by the initial group of letters which describe Nice, where Smollett lived from November 1763 to April 1765. These letters, one notes, are nearly devoid of intimate comment and in general character comprise what amounts to a history of Nice and the surrounding country. Again, the letters devoted to Italy are headed "Nice" and were written in
retrospect to the Italian tour. Though these suppositions do not preclude the possibility that these letters were actually sent to some correspondent, it seems more likely that Smollett occupied his leisure time at Nice in preparing the copious notes collected there and in Italy. On the other hand some few intimate letters point to a genuine correspondence. If so, Smollett's comment in Letter VIII that his letters, even though written to one individual, were intended to society in general, clearly indicates that even in the case of the more personal letters he wrote with the end of publication in mind. In all probability Smollett was merely employing a literary device common to the traveler of the times. Whether the letters were genuine or not is a matter strictly of literary scholarship. The important fact is that Smollett transformed the typical matter of travel journals by the power of his satiric wit, shrewd observation, and intellectual independence into one of the most interesting and original travel accounts of the century.

Smollett shows a great deal of insularity but, one might add, an insularity based on good common sense rather than national prejudice. He noted all the absurdities of French society but saw them, not merely as superficial indications of French temperament, but in the light of their broader political significance. He was perhaps one of the first English travelers to sense the coming revolution whose repercussions were to be felt in every country in Europe. Smollett subjected the French to a searing examination, but, much to his credit, one notices his own countrymen, both
at home and abroad, were exposed to the same caustic treat-
ment. What is even more unusual he turned his critical eye
upon himself, honestly admitting his own querilousness and
limited abilities as a connoisseur of art.

Of the travel accounts here studied Smollett's is the
most personally revealing. His state of health occupies a
prominent place in the record, but quite naturally so as a
cure for a tubercular condition was in the main the occasion
for his travels. It is curious to note how plainly we can
discern the surgeon under the man of letters. The book con-
tains a strong infusion of medical and scientific information,
an indication of the author's past professional activities.
To this scientific knowledge was added a vast store of out-of-
the-way information acquired, no doubt, in great measure to
a long and arduous literary career devoted in great part to
the editing of translations, compendiums of travel, and uni-
versal histories.

Smollett on every possible occasion reveals an impatience
with the religious superstition he encountered during his
sojourn abroad. But his harsh criticism can not be termed
religious animus in the sense in which it is applied to our
other travelers. Smollett seems to project himself from the
particular to the general. His criticism appears directed not
so much against the practices of the Roman church but against
the unscientific aspects inherent in all religions. In fact
a study of his comment in this direction leaves the impression
that Smollett was essentially a pagan.
The faults of the book lie clearly on the surface. It was written in a bad temper and with a decided willfulness that rather enjoys expressing a dissenting opinion. The absolute frankness and sincerity with which he spoke his mind may have led him into outbursts not consistent with good taste, but assuredly such shortcomings may be overlooked as the result was that rare thing, an essentially honest book.
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